

## **I Didn't Know** by [prettyboiiharrington](#)

**Series:** [Omega!Billy Hargrove](#) [12]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-08-24

**Updated:** 2018-08-24

**Packaged:** 2022-04-23 02:29:21

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,013

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](#)

**Summary:**

bianatorres1 — #3) What about some Harrington “I Didn’t Know I Was Pregnant” (was anyone else obsessed with this show on TLC)

## I Didn't Know

The most surprising part of all of this is that Nancy fucking Wheeler's the one that convinces him to go to the hospital. The love of his life's shitty ex and newly appointed best fucking friend, the main source of all his jealousy, not including his nagging insecurity, is the one that drags him to the car and drives him to the emergency room.

*Billy and Steve had been in a fight, still are actually, which means that his stupid fucking friends were sent to check on him. He still hangs out with Tommy and Carol, and they've kind of made up with Steve for his sake, so it isn't that bad when they're asking fucking questions, even though they never really cared, but when fucking Wheeler and Byers are in his goddamn business, it pisses him off.*

*He's sitting on the floor in front of his locker, curled up into a ball as he tries to bite back the pain pulsing through him, uncaring of the fact that he's blocking at least two lockers that don't belong to him.*

*"Fuck off Wheeler," he groans when he sees her tiny little feet standing in front of him. He's kind of pissed off that he can recognize her without looking at her stupid pretty fucking face.*

*She crouches down to glare at him, every inch of her 5'4" frame giving off judgement and impatience. She clearly doesn't want to deal with his shit. Good, she's equally as unhappy about these little interactions then.*

*"Steve's worried," she tells him, as if he doesn't already fucking know, as if he hasn't been dealing with these fucking cramps for the last three days, as if he hasn't wanted to curl up in Steve's lap since he woke up at four in the morning sobbing because he was in so much fucking pain.*

*"Good for him," he tries to sound angry, but Nancy sees right through him. She rolls her eyes. How the hell she deals with high school boys and their bullshit on a daily basis, she'll never know.*

*"You look like crap."*

*"You sure know how to make a guy feel special," he huffs out a laugh but then he's doubling over, cradling his stomach as tears burn in his eyes.*

*"You should go to a doctor," she sighs, looking sympathetic. Funny, Billy never thought he'd see that look directed towards him.*

*"I've had worse," he barks.*

***Fucking liar** . If he weren't in so much pain, he'd probably wonder when his conscience started using Steve's voice to get to him. As if to prove a point, his stomach and back start pulsing, and he can't hold back the whimper that bubbles up from his throat.*

*When her eyes go wide, he can't help the pang of worry that he feels in his gut. Nancy Wheeler is very rarely ever surprised or scared, or rather she does a very good job of hiding it. The only person that locks away worry and suffering better is Billy himself.*

*"You're bleeding," she whispers, her tone unsettling.*

*"So, I probably scratched a scab open, or walked into something, shit happens," Neil pushes him into the brick of their fireplace at least once a week, twice this week, it wouldn't surprise him if he got cut; he hardly notices when it happens anymore.*

*"No, look at your pants," Nancy's gone pale, so he takes a while to look down. He's already in pain, he'd like to live in blissful ignorance for just one moment longer. Eventually, he glances down, his pants wet with both blood and some other fluid. He hadn't even noticed, he was in so much pain.*

*"Shit," Billy's trembling now, both from pain and fear. That's never happened before. Pain so hard to handle that's he's in a heap on the floor, that's happened before, not to this caliber, but it's happened. Blood leaking through the crotch of his jeans though, that's completely new.*

*"Come on, I'm taking you to the hospital," she's already moving to help him up, and when her hand goes under his armpit to keep him stable, he realizes she's surprisingly strong. She probably would have had him up in an instant if he were being even a little cooperative.*

*"Can't," he doesn't try and say he's fine, knows she'll call him out on his bullshit, but there's no part of him that is stupid enough to think that blood changes anything. If he goes to the hospital and they see all the cuts*

*and bruises, he's dead.*

*"Stop being a child, get up," she scolds him, tugging on his arm once again. He jerks it away, his temper firing back up despite his pain.*

*"You're not fucking listening. I **can't** go," he tells her. He moves to get up himself, to stand and walk the opposite direction, but all he manages to do is crawl less than a foot away before he's practically sprawled out on the floor, leaning on his backpack. "He'll kill me."*

*Nancy furrows her brow. She's not stupid, but he's always been pretty good at hiding this, and Steve wouldn't rat him out, not even when they're fighting. She sighs, nodding in understanding when the gears stop turning. So, she knows his secret now, great.*

*"Yeah, well if we stay here, you might be dead anyways. Come on," she's gentler now, more understanding, but she's still forceful. There's no room for argument, and at this point Billy's trying his best to stay conscious and keep himself from biting his fucking tongue off, it hurts so badly; he doesn't have any fight left in him.*

*He's not sure how they make it outside, she's practically dragging him, and he thinks they run into the lockers a few times. He vaguely remembers her stealing his keys and shoving him in the passenger's seat; it reminds him of the few times he'd been arrested, the way she cradles his head so he doesn't hit it and slams the door once he's in. If he were more himself he'd mouth off to her about being more fucking gentle with his baby.*

*He blacks out on his way to the hospital.*

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He comes to in a room, apparently blood, random body fluids, and being unconscious speeds up the wait time. He's got an IV in his arm and the sterile smell is making him sick to his stomach. It's too familiar, reminds him of the last time he saw his mom and it burns.

He thinks what woke him up was the prick of a needle, considering he sees a nurse stepping away with a small vile of his blood. He's not quite sure, because the sting of the needle is nothing in comparison to the cramping that's been coming and going all day.

"Tell me you didn't call my dad," are the first words out of his mouth, desperate and pleading. He doesn't care about who answers, just what the answer is.

"Your girlfriend told us not to. It's not usually what we'd do, but considering all your injuries, we figured that'd be the best decision, called social services and the chief instead," the nurse tells him.

He doesn't argue with him about the girlfriend comment, although he would never be caught dead dating her. He doesn't have the time to care, not when another sharp pain hits him in his abdomen.

He almost misses the scoff that helps him realize Nancy is still there with him. He's kind of appreciative for a second before he realizes it's all for Steve's benefit, and then he becomes distracted as he realizes what the nurse had said. Everyone's been called and Neil is going to rip him apart.

"Fuck," he chokes out as he struggles to breathe. He doesn't have panic attacks often, and these days when he does Steve's there to talk him through it. A nurse looking at him as he hyperventilates, telling him to calm down isn't helping, especially not when his stomach is cramping so badly he's contemplating finding a scalpel to rip himself open, and he has to count down the minutes until his dad finds out and slaughters him.

"I'm dead, I'm so *fucking* dead. He's gonna kill me because you *assholes* couldn't keep your m—" he cuts himself off with a yelp; at least the pain is distracting enough to have him biting down on his lip and holding his breath. It doesn't put a full stop to his panic attack, but it does get him breathing normal again.

The nurse takes his yelling and general shitty attitude in stride, and Billy kind of really hates him for it, because he would very much like it if he wasn't the only one suffering. "Sorry kid, I know it sucks, but we can't give you anything stronger than some Tylenol until we know what's wrong with you."

"Anyone ever tell you that you suck?" Billy croaks out, clutching at his abdomen. Nancy makes an offended squeak, as if she expected him to have more manners and is hoping the nurse doesn't take

Billy's attitude as a representation of her own. Honestly, who the hell does she think she's with right now ??

"All the time, part of the job," the nurse answers with a sweet smile, and Billy would probably have a crush on the guy if the circumstances were different.

"No seriously, if I didn't think I was gonna be dead by the end of the day, I'd spend like an entire fucking hour telling you just how fucking horrible you are, like I want to like you, but you really *really* suck dude."

"No one's letting you die," he sighs, almost like he kind of wants Billy to like him. Billy thinks he sees some glimmer in his eye, like he plans to win him over; he kind of wishes he would have the time to. He's wishing for a lot of things in this moment, for pain meds, for everyone to leave before his dad gets here, for them to believe him when he lies about the bruises, for Steve, oh god does he want Steve.

"Doesn't matter if you let me or not, I'm screwed," Billy says it more to himself, but he doesn't miss the nurse pausing in the doorway as if he were contemplating saying something; he probably couldn't think of anything comforting so he moved on. Billy thinks he made the right call, because there are absolute zero words that can make him feel any better right now.

He chances a glance at Nancy, who is just looking at him with concern and disappointment as she sits awkwardly in a hard plastic chair against the wall. He doesn't say anything to her, wants her to be at least uncomfortable if he has to be miserable.

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This doctor strolls into the room with a chart and Billy has never been so upset to see someone that fucking gorgeous. Of course they'd send in a fucking supermodel to take care of him on the absolute worst day of his life. Does everyone in this goddamn hospital have to be so pretty ??

"Please tell me I'm dying," the doctor laughs, probably thinking Billy is joking, but he would much rather die in that hospital bed than at

the hands of Neil Hargrove.

“Heard you’re complaining of stomach cramps and vaginal bleeding.”

“Complaining makes it sound like I’m being fucking dramatic, and trust me I’m not. I get the shit kicked outta me all the time, so trust me when I say this shit is fucking miserable.”

“You get in a lot of fights?” the doc questions with a glint in his eye, and Billy notices that the guy’s got a split lip and bruised cheek of his own. He wonders if he sees some of himself in Billy. If they’re anything alike, Billy feels sorry for the guy.

“Something like that,” Billy shrugs, not in the mood for small talk. He just wants to get out of here. If they leave him alone long enough he can walk out before people start asking all the right questions and maybe Neil will go easy on him.

“Well, if it’s alright with you, we’re gonna do an ultrasound and a pelvic exam, make sure you’re not dying after all.”

“Trust me, doesn’t matter what you find, I’m a dead man walking, but sure, do whatever you fucking want if it makes you happy,” it’s not like his body’s ever belonged to him, he might as well let them poke and prod, maybe alleviate the pain so he can have a few minutes of peace before Neil rips into him.

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“Well I’ll be damned,” the doctor says as he pulls away from Billy, letting him drop his legs back down into a more comfortable position and cover himself up with his gown and the blanket. “You didn’t think it might have been a good idea to tell us you’re pregnant?”

“What? I’m not,” Billy answers as he looks at this fucking quack. Pregnant ?? He would have fucking noticed. If he was, how far along ?? If it’s hurting this badly something must be terribly wrong. His desperate longing for Steve hits again, knowing there’s not a damn person in that room that can comfort him the way he needs.

“Kid, I know you’re probably scared, you’re what, sixteen ?? I get it, but no one here’s gonna judge you. You have to be honest with us.”

"I don't know what the fuck you're talking about," he barks out, unable to even accept this information. This guy has to be fucking insane.

"You're in labor and you're telling me you had no idea about this baby?"

In labor. Okay, no, this guy has to be messing with him. That, or he's fucking insane.

"Look doc, I appreciate a good joke as much as the next guy but I'd really appreciate it if you stuck to your fucking day job right now and figured out what the fuck is wrong with me because that's not possible."

"You tellin' me you're a virgin ?? Never had sex before, not even once ??" the doctor looks at Billy with a raised brow and a smirk. Billy wants to punch the look right off his face. The most annoying part is he'd probably like the guy if he wasn't in this particular situation.

"Well, no obviously I fucking have, I'm not a nun," he rolls his eyes, falling back on the pillows.

"So there's a chance you could be pregnant ??"

"I'm on fucking birth control, and I think I would have noticed if I was pregnant, I mean do I look—"

"Doesn't matter how you *look*. Birth control isn't a guaranteed deal. It decreases your chances significantly but it's not one hundred percent. Sorry kid, but it's not just a maybe, you're pregnant and that kid's coming tonight."

"Fuck me," Billy groans, leaning back onto the bed and jamming his eyes shut. If he closes them and waits long enough to open them, this nightmare will be over.

"Looks like someone's already beat me to it," the doctor says with a smirk and Billy lifts his leg to try and kick him since the guy's standing by the foot of the bed. He can't quite reach him, and the stretch fucking hurts, but the nurse behind him smacks him upside



the head and calls him an asshole. Okay, so maybe the nurse is a pretty good guy after all.

Normally Billy would have a comeback ready, but this time he's gripping the metal railing so hard his knuckles have gone white.

"I can't do this," Billy's shaking again, pain and terror overtaking him as his breathing becomes shallow. Nancy moves from her place against the wall, desperate to think of anything that could get him to calm down. "I can't fucking do this. Where the fuck is he ?? I can't, fuck, I *can't*," he's hyperventilating now, and at least the doctor has wiped that stupid look off his face.

"Listen, you need to breathe, alright ?? We can help you, but this isn't going to get you anywhere, it's just gonna make things worse for you and your baby, so you need to calm down."

"Easy...for you...to say," Billy struggles between breaths, his argumentative nature never faltering, even as every good thing he's built up for himself comes crumbling down on top of him.

"I called Steve. He should be here any minute. It's gonna be okay," Nancy tells him, speaking for the first time since he's woken up. Why the fuck is she even still here ?? Billy can't stand her, but the more he thinks about her leaving, the more he realizes he hates the idea.

"None of this is okay," he argues as he bites back tears, but his breathing finally starts to settle at the thought of Steve. He closes his eyes, forcing a few deep breaths, and he thinks he hears his doctor offering up gentle praises for getting his breathing under control, but he can't really keep up because he's not so patiently waiting on Steve while he tries to concentrate on not screaming due to what he now knows are labor pains.

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Billy doesn't really pay attention to anything anyone has to say until they're trying to move him to labor and delivery and Steve's still not fucking there.

"I can't, I can't go yet," Nancy's never heard Billy so desperate, and

she's sure she's never seen him cry. "Wheeler, tell them, tell them I need him, please, *Nancy* please !!"

The contractions are getting closer together, and apparently there's a huge fucking chance for complications since he didn't do any prenatal care, there's not much time and he needs to get up there, but if he's desperate enough to ask Nancy for help, then they both know he can't go anywhere until Steve's by his side.

"Five minutes, come on, just give me five minutes and if he's not here you can take him," Nancy and Billy are both looking at the nurses and doctor with big pleading eyes, and they must be the most charming pair in the entire county, because the group reluctantly agrees.

"Five minutes," the doctor tells her sternly, and Nancy doesn't waste any time, heading towards the hallway to try and get cell reception to call Steve again.

She starts to dial him only to see Steve barreling in, shoes squeaking as he practically slides down the corridor. Social services goes to stop him, although Hopper just rolls his eyes and is happy to let him by.

"He's the father !! Let him through !!" Nancy yells, and the overdressed judgmental strangers let him squeeze on by.

"Hey Nance," Steve answers, panting as he's hunched over, hands gripping tightly to his knees as he tries to catch his breath. "Wait... father?!!"

"Steve?!" Billy hears his voice, and Nancy decides that instead of answering, she's just going to push Steve into the room to see Billy, because their five minutes are slowly dwindling down and they can walk and talk.

"Daddy dearest I presume?" the doctor answers with a smirk and Billy, who still has tears in his eyes, groans in both aggravation and pain.

"Can someone please tell him he's not funny ??"

"Sorry kid, we've tried, he just doesn't learn," the nurse shrugs, and

Billy's decided that if that nurse leaves his side he's going to lose his shit.

"Took you fucking long enough," Billy sighs when he finally turns to address Steve.

"I'm sorry, someone said father, is no one gonna tell me what the fuck is going on ?!!"

"Oh, right. Your boyfriend's in labor and you're the dad. Congrats," the doctor nods and when he's met with several glares he almost looks offended. "What ?! Someone had to tell him, and we don't exactly have time to draw it out. Rip the fucking band-aid."

"Your bedside manner is shit," at least three people say something similar, but Billy only has time to hear himself before he turns to Steve, who is a carbon copy of Billy about an hour ago, when he was given the same news. "Steve, *baby*, I know this sucks and like you can totally be pissed at me later for screwing your life up but can you just, can you wait until this is over to have your meltdown? I *really* need you right now."

"What? Oh, yeah, *yeah*," Steve has several thoughts floating around in his head, like how he's a few hours from being a dad, maybe less, how he would never blame Billy for this, how he loves him, how maybe this isn't actually a bad thing, but his vocabulary is very fucking limited as he tries to cope with the shock of it all, so he just nods stupidly and doesn't even notice when the doctor snorts out a laugh.

"Thanks," Billy croaks, shyly reaching for his hand, unsure if he's still allowed to touch Steve after dumping this whole mess at his feet. Steve accepts it without question, squeezes it in a comforting gesture, and Billy thinks that despite the pain, he can do this. He can face death so long as Steve still loves him, so long as Steve gets their baby and Neil never gets close to them.

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Billy spends an hour and a half gripping Steve's hand so tightly that at one point Steve thinks it might be fucking broken, until he loses

circulation in it completely, and then there's relief as he hears screeching, as his daughter is placed on Billy's chest and he looks at her baby blue eyes and little tufts of hair and loses himself.

Billy finds himself missing the other doctor when the one that delivered his daughter tells him that this is the easiest labor she's seen in a while; he has half a mind to rip out her uterus and ask her how she feels.

Billy finds himself daydreaming as Steve climbs into the bed with him. He rests against Steve and cradles their little girl in his arms and just pretends, for a moment, that they could be happy. He knows eventually he'll have to accept reality, that social services and the police are going to want to talk to him about all the bumps and bruises only for his hope to fall through the cracks and Neil to drag him home and beat him bloody, but as he sits in the blissful silence, he lets himself be happy.

"She's perfect," Steve whispers and a single tear slips down Billy's face as his daydream is interrupted.

"I can't take her home Steve, she won't be safe," his voice is hoarse, but his conviction is strong. He needs Steve to hear him.

"What do you mean?"

"You have to promise you'll take care of her, please, just promise me," he begs, holding her closer to his chest, enjoying what little time he may have with her.

"I'll always take care of her baby, I'm gonna take care of both of you," Steve tells him, and god does Billy wish he could find comfort in that.

"He's gonna kill me, the second he finds out, I'm dead and I can't...I can't let him hurt her too."

"No one's hurting anyone," Steve sighs, leaning in closer and kissing Billy's temple. "I'm not going to let him hurt you ever again."

"You don't know that, don't make a promise you can't keep," he argues, but he finds himself leaning into Steve's embrace, trying and

failing to fight the hope bubbling up in his chest.

“You’re not going home with him,” Steve says it with such determination that Billy finds himself believing it.

It’s the truth, Steve won’t let them take him, he knows that, and even if it’s only their truth for the next ten minutes, he will bask in those ten minutes and hope for a future that may never come, because no matter what happens to him, their little girl will always be safe in Steve Harrington’s arms.